WHY GUESS?

GET THE BEST!

THE BIG SIX OF THE COMICS

EVERY ONE A WINNER... JAM-PACKED WITH FAST ACTION AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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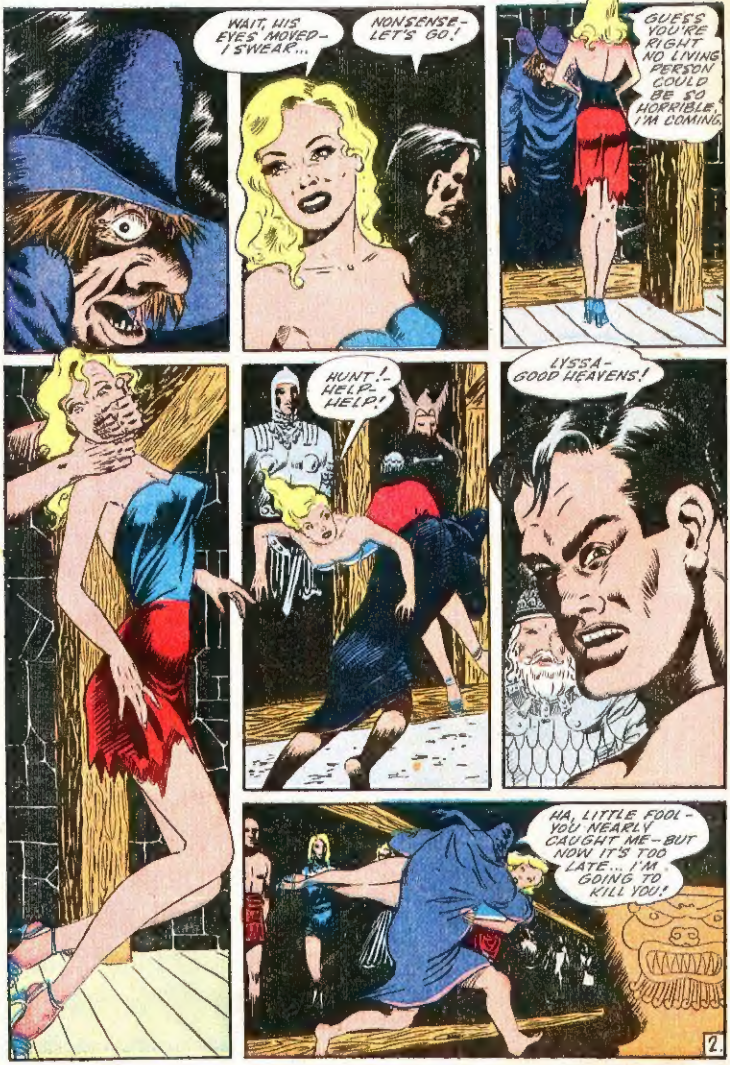
WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE
PLANET
10¢
MAR.
NO. 35
COMICS
LOST WORLD
SPACE RANGERS
MARS GOD OF WAR
AND MANY OTHERS
L. Reinde

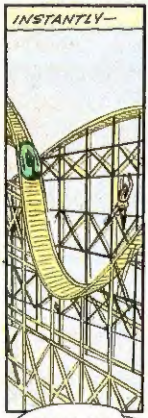
The LOST WORLD
BY THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
CIVILIZATION ON EARTH DIED – CRUSHED BY THE INHUMAN VOLTA HORDES... BUT HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA LIVED AND ROAMED THE DEVASTATED PLANET... AND ONE DAY FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE "PLAYGROUND OF THE WORLD"
MADAME OADY'S MUSEUM
OH, HUNT, WHAT'S THAT PLACE? COME ON, LET'S SEE!
IT'S A WAX EXHIBIT SHOWING THE HISTORIC EARTH-PEOPLE. THE FIRST TWO WERE EVEN MORE FIENDISH THAN THE VOLTA MEN.
THE ONE ON THE RIGHT LOOKS STRANGE.
UGH- HE GIVES ME THE SHIVERS- I'D SWEAR HE WAS ALIVE.
L. Rente
3

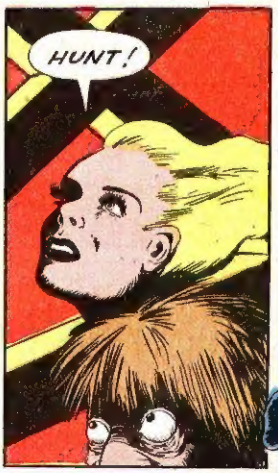

WAIT, HIS EYES MOVED— I SWEAR...
NONSENSE— LET'S GO!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT NO LIVING PERSON COULD BE SO HORRIBLE. I'M COMING.
HUNT!— HELP— HELP!
LYSSA— GOOD HEAVENS!
HA, LITTLE FOOL— YOU NEARLY CAUGHT ME—BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE... I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
2

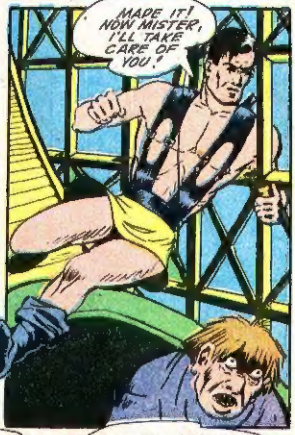
HOLDING LYSSA IN A DEATH GRIP, THE HUNCHBACK SCURRIES TOWARD THE ROLLER COASTER.
LET ME GO! HELP- HELP!
INTO THE CAR WITH YOU- NOW LET HIM TRY TO CATCH US!
HE'S A MADMAN THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE!
HERE'S A CAR- PERHAPS I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO JUMP.
OHHH HA!
SCARED, EH? IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO YELL ABOUT!
3.

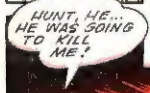
THEY'LL BE ZIPPING ROUND THE TURN AND ENTERING THE LOWER LEVEL JUST AS I REACH THE TOP.

THIS IS IT—HERE GOES!

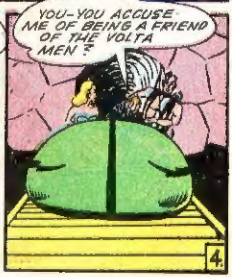

INSTANTLY—


HUNT!


MADE IT! NOW MISTER, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

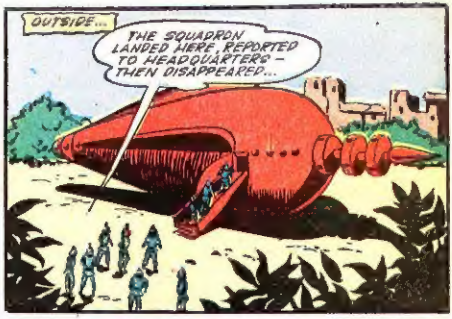

HUNT, HE... HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!

HE'S EITHER A MADMAN OR AN AGENT FOR THE VOLTA MEN—AS SOON AS I STOP THIS THING, I'LL FIND OUT WHICH.


YOU—YOU ACCUSE ME OF BEING A FRIEND OF THE VOLTA MEN?

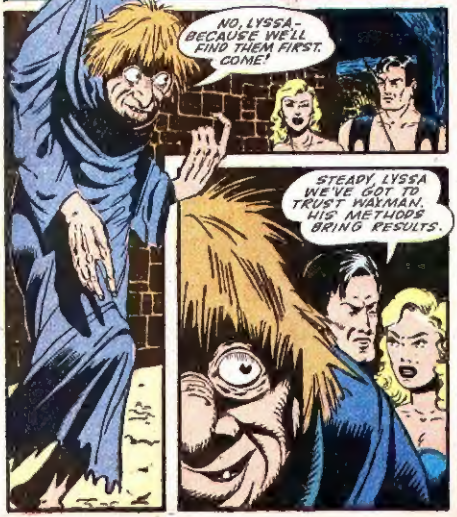
WHY NOT? IF YOU AREN'T, THEN WHO ARE YOU-AND WHY DID YOU KIDNAP LYSSA?
YOU CAN CALL ME WAXMAN. I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORKING FOR THEM! I HAD A DAUGHTER ONCE AND THEY KILLED HER. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I GET MY REVENGE!
LEAD ON, BUT ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL DRILL YOU.
THIS WAY... I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT VERY, VERY INTERESTING!
THERE'S SOMETHING AHEAD-HIDING IN THE SHADOWS!
THAT'S SATAN, MY COMPANION. HE WATCHES OVER MY COLLECTION WHEN I'M AWAY.
THEY'RE FRIENDS, SATAN. COME, WE'LL SHOW THEM HOW WE TAKE CARE OF VOLTA MEN!
GOOD HEAVENS- THEY'RE ALIVE AND CHAINED TO THE WALL!
YES- TWELVE OF THEM... BUT HARK! SATAN IS WARNING US THAT A SPACE SHIP IS COMING!
5

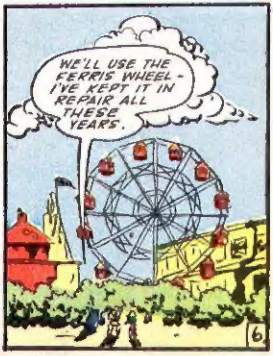
SEE-THEY COME LOOKING FOR THEIR LOST ONES. I HOPE THEY FIND THEM.


OUTSIDE...
THE SQUADRON LANDED HERE REPORTED TO HEADQUARTERS - THEN DISAPPEARED...

OUR JOB'S TO FIND THEM. WE'LL SPLIT UP INTO GROUPS AND COMB THE AREA.

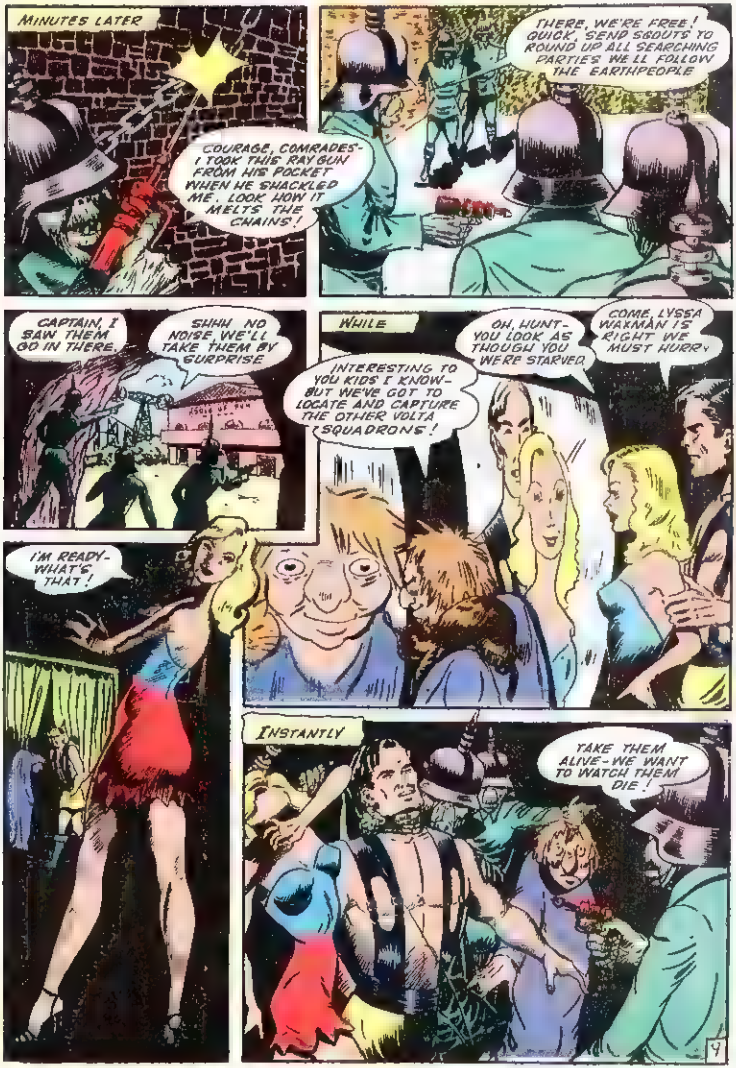
THREE IN EACH SEARCHING PARTY AND THEY MEAN BUSINESS.
THEY'LL FIND US. WE'D BETTER HIDE.


NO, LYSSA - BECAUSE WE'LL FIND THEM FIRST. COME!
STEADY, LYSSA WE'VE GOT TO TRUST WAXMAN. HIS METHODS BRING RESULTS.


WE'LL USE THE FERRIS WHEEL - I'VE KEPT IT IN REPAIR ALL THESE YEARS.
6

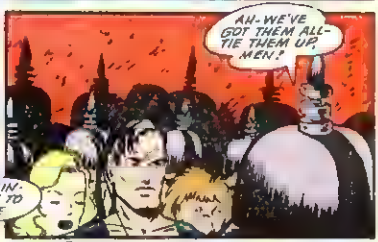
THE TRAP'S SET - GET INTO THE CAR - HURRY!
THIS WAY, MEN, AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
LOOK - ONE OF OUR HELMETS - IT'S THE FIRST TRACE WE'VE FOUND OF OUR COMRADES.
AH - THEY APPROACH THE BAIT... NOW'S MY CHANCE!
NOW, UP WE GO WITH OUR LITTLE FRIENDS!
TO THE DUNGEON WITH THEM - NOW TO HUNT THE OTHERS
NICE WORK, WAXMAN!
7

SOON, THEY RETURN TO THE CELL
QUITE A COLLECTION, WAXMAN. WE'D BETTER MAKE SURE WE HAVE ALL THEIR WEAPONS.
TREAT US LIKE DOGS, EH, — BY THE MOON'S OF SATURN I SWEAR YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.
SILENCE FOOL! THERE— YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE!
MY GUN — STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET!
UNNOTICED — A CLAW-LIKE HAND RETRIEVES THE WEAPON...
I HAVE IT! I'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY LEAVE.
A MOST EXCITING BUSINESS, WAXMAN, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?
DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN, WE'LL FIND THEM... COME!


MINUTES LATER
COURAGE, COMRADES- I TOOK THIS RAY GUN FROM HIS POCKET WHEN HE SHACKLED ME. LOOK HOW IT MELTS THE CHAINS!
THERE, WE'RE FREE! QUICK! SEND SCOUTS TO ROUND UP ALL SEARCHING PARTIES WE'LL FOLLOW THE EARTHPEOPLE
CAPTAIN, I SAW THEM GO IN THERE.
SHHH NO NOISE, WE'LL TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE
WHILE
OH, HUNT- YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU WERE STARVED
COME, LYSSA WAKMAN IS RIGHT WE MUST HURRY
INTERESTING TO YOU KIDS I KNOW- BUT WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE AND CAPTURE THE OTHER VOLTA SQUADRONS!
I'M READY- WHAT'S THAT!
INSTANTLY
TAKE THEM ALIVE- WE WANT TO WATCH THEM DIE!

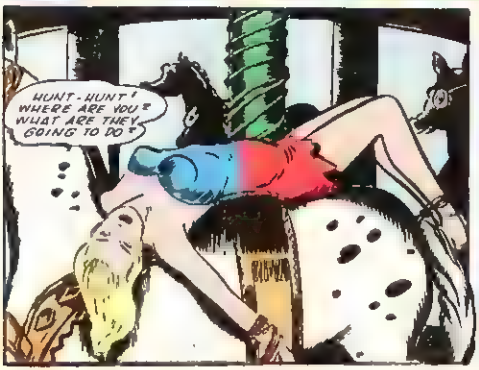
BEHIND ME LYSSA - KEEP BEHIND ME!

HUNT, WAYMAN IS DOWN! THEY'RE KILLING HIM! OHH!


AH-WE'VE GOT THEM ALL- TIE THEM UP, MEN!

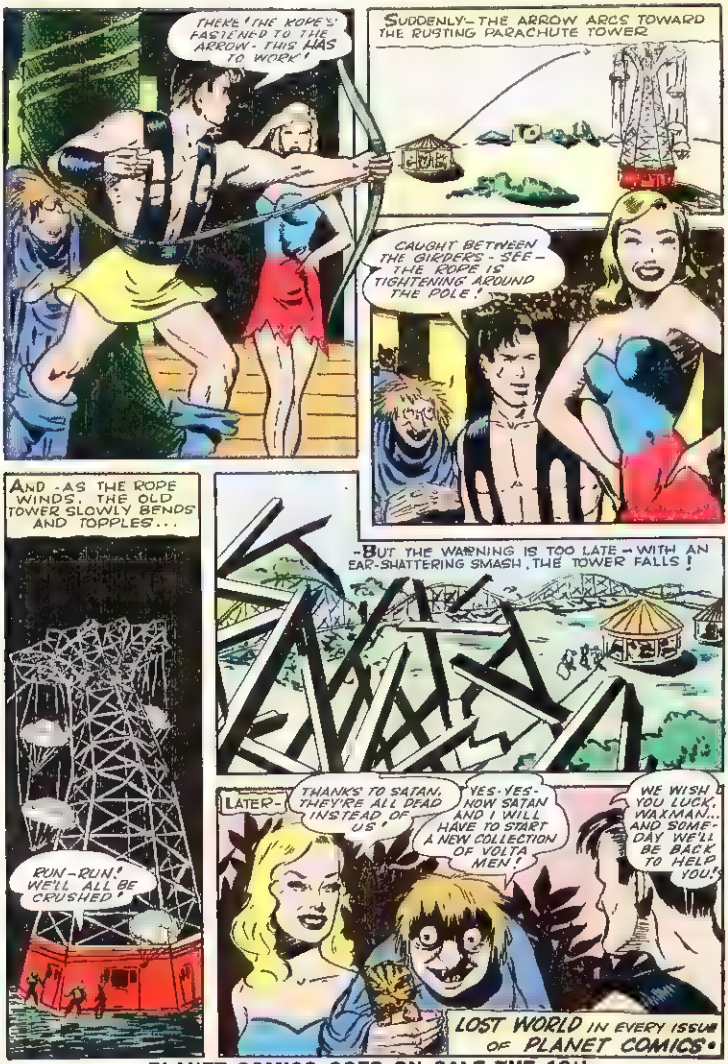
NOW FOR OUR REVENGE! HAVE ALL PATROLS BEEN CALLED IN?
YES, CAPTAIN! AND READY TO WATCH THE FUN.

GOOD FASTEN EACH ONE TO A WOODEN HORSE, AND RUN A ROPE FROM THE CENTER POST TO THE ROOF.


HUNT - HUNT! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?

I'M ALL RIGHT, LYSSA - I SEE WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING, AND THERE'S NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

THROW THE SWITCH AS THE CENTER POLE TURNS. THE ROPE WILL WIND AND TIGHTEN AND PULL THE ROOF DOWN. THE EARTHPEOPLE WILL BE CRUSHED UNDER IT.
AH- THE EARTH MEN'S SILLY TOY STILL WORKS - STAND BACK MEN! WE WILL WATCH THESE FOOLS DIE
SLOWLY, THE ANCIENT MERRY-GO-ROUND MOVES - THEN GRADUALLY GAINS SPEED.
SATAN-SATAN! QUICK BITE THE ROPE!
INSTANTLY-
GOOD WORK, SATAN - NOW FREE ME, HURRY!
HE'S DONE IT - THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
SECONDS LATER -
GOOD - NOW! UNTIE LYSSA, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
WE MUST WORK FAST BEFORE THE VOLTA MEN SEE US -
I STILL HAVE MY BOW AND ARROWS - AND I'LL NEED THIS ROPE
11


THERE! THE ROPE'S FASTENED TO THE ARROW - THIS HAS TO WORK!
SUDDENLY - THE ARROW ARCS TOWARD THE RUSTING PARACHUTE TOWER
CAUGHT BETWEEN THE GIRDERS - SEE - THE ROPE IS TIGHTENING AROUND THE POLE!
AND - AS THE ROPE WINDS, THE OLD TOWER SLOWLY BENDS AND TOPPLES...
RUN - RUN! WE'LL ALL BE CRUSHED!
- BUT THE WARNING IS TOO LATE - WITH AN EAR-SHATTERING SMASH, THE TOWER FALLS!
LATER -
THANKS TO SATAN, THEY'RE ALL DEAD INSTEAD OF US!
YES - YES - NOW SATAN AND I WILL HAVE TO START A NEW COLLECTION OF VOLTA MEN!
WE WISH YOU LUCK, WAXMAN... AND SOMEDAY WE'LL BE BACK TO HELP YOU!
LOST WORLD IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS.

MARS

by ROSS GALLUN

A WORLD WENT MAD AT HIS MANIACAL WHIM; A UNIVERSE OF SLAVES BOWED TO HIS EVIL WILL — AND **MARS** WAS MASTER OF MEN! -BUT THEN A GIRL DEFIED HIM, HER NAME WAS **MYSTA** -AND THE MOON HER HOME!

MOB MADNESS FLARES WITHIN A GREAT UNIVERSITY'S IVY WALLS

DOWN WITH THE AUTOCRATIC INTELLECTUALS!

SET THE FIRES!

VAST LIBRARIES, LABORATORIES, CHAPELS — ALL FALL TO THE LOOTERS' LUST!

A GRACEFUL BUILDING TOPPLES— ITS RUINS ENGULFING OTHERS
AND BOOKS— THE PRINTED GREATNESS OF MORTAL MEN, RECORDS OF THE PAST AND DREAMS OF THE FUTURE, FLAME IN BONFIRES TO PLEASE THE WANTON MADNESS
FRIENDS, I BEG YOU TO LISTEN!
BE REASONABLE! YOU WILL REGRET— AAAGH!
FROM THE BODY OF THE UNCOUTH VILLAIN EMERGES, MARS, SNEERING, TRIUMPHANT!
GOOD! THIS WAS EARTH'S LAST UNIVERSITY WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, THE FOOLS ARE NO BETTER THAN PIGS!
CLASS DISMISSED! PROFESSOR! — FOR GOOD!
MUSEUMS—UNIVERSITIES—CHURCHES BAH! THEY ARE NOW MERELY HYMS IN MY GLOBE! BUT NO— I REMEMBER A LABORATORY ON THE MOON MARS, YOU GROW CARELESS
2

LONG YEARS AGO, A SCIENTIST FORESAW THIS COMING MADNESS AND SO HE MYSTERIOUSLY D.SAPPEARED—THE SAME DAY, TWO INFANTS WERE STOLEN FROM THEIR PLEXI-PLASTIC CRIBS. EX-LING HIMSELF TO THE MOON, DR KORT BUILT A LABORATORY TO HOUSE ALL CULTURE OF THE DECAYING UNIVERSE...THERE ALSO, HE REARED THE TWO CHILDREN, INSTILLING IN THEIR EAGER MINDS THE KNOWLEDGE THEIR FATHERS SCORNED! AND NOW COMES

MARS—

THIS IS IT!

INSIDE, DR. KORT'S GREATEST EXPERIMENT IS COMPLETED!

ONE MORE RENDITION OF MODERN GOVERNMENT, AND THEY WILL HAVE ABSORBED ALL THERE IS TO KNOW

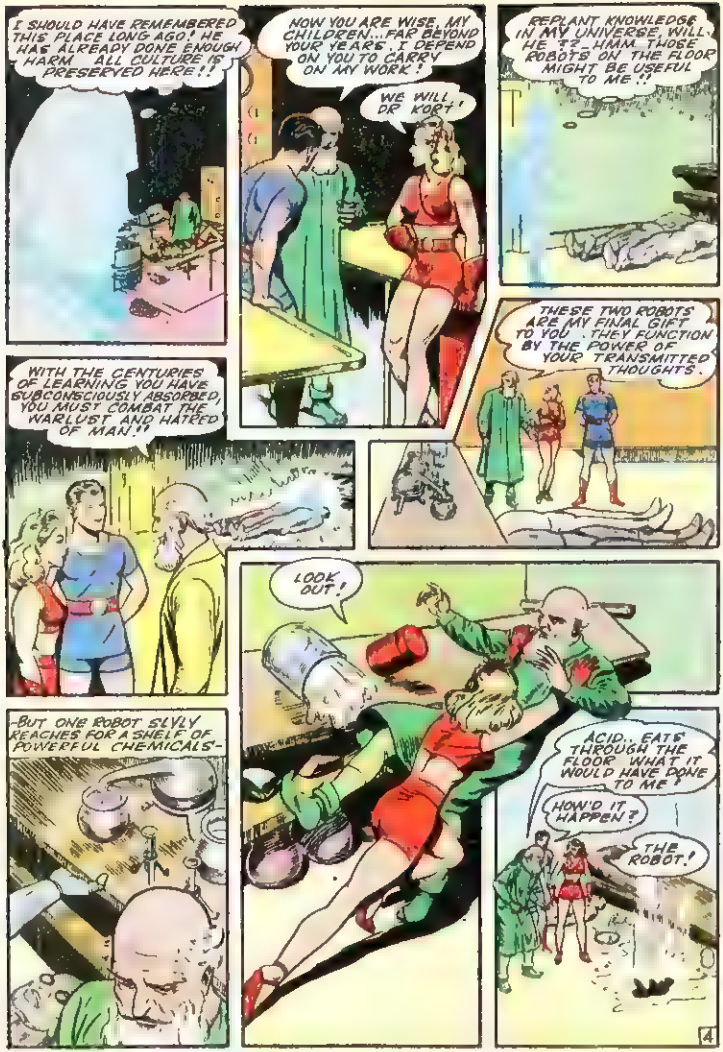
"GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE THROUGH DULY ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES IS THE SOLID FOUNDATION——"

I HAVE NO CULTURE LEFT TO TEACH THEM... MY CULTURAL HYPNODISC RECORDS ARE ALL PLAYED OUT

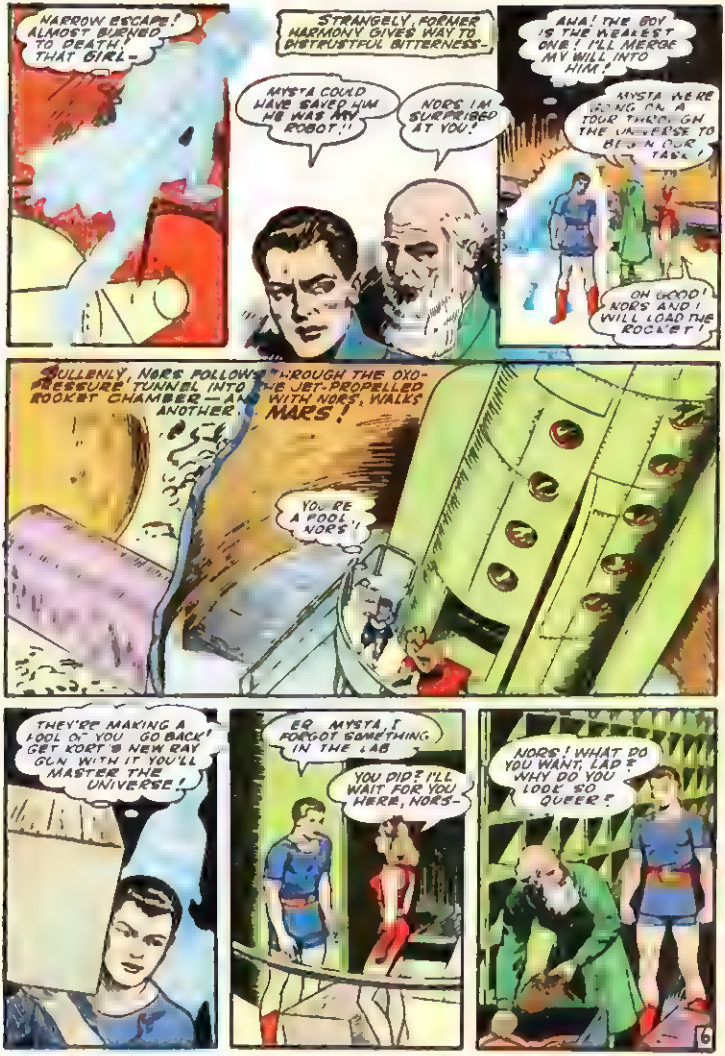
THEY WILL PLANT ANEW THE SEEDS OF LEARNING IN THE UNIVERSE...THE GOD OF WAR IS LICKED!

HMM IS HE?

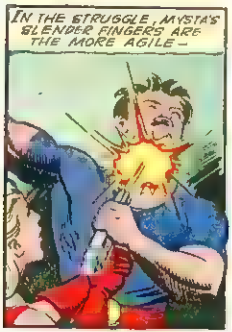
NOW I TURN OFF THE HYPNO-TRANSMITTER, AND REVIVE MY SUBJECTS——

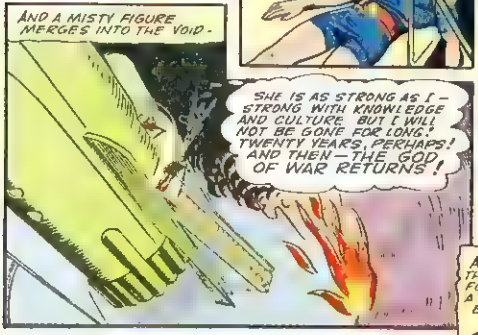

I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THIS PLACE LONG AGO! HE HAS ALREADY DONE ENOUGH HARM - ALL CULTURE IS PRESERVED HERE!!
NOW YOU ARE WISE, MY CHILDREN...FAR BEYOND YOUR YEARS. I DEPEND ON YOU TO CARRY ON MY WORK!
WE WILL, DR KORT!
REPLANT KNOWLEDGE IN MY UNIVERSE. WELL, HE ?? HMM...THOSE ROBOTS ON THE FLOOR MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ME!!
THESE TWO ROBOTS ARE MY FINAL GIFT TO YOU. THEY FUNCTION BY THE POWER OF YOUR TRANSMITTED THOUGHTS.
WITH THE CENTURIES OF LEARNING YOU HAVE SUBCONSCIOUSLY ABSORBED, YOU MUST COMBAT THE WARLUST AND HATRED OF MAN!!
LOOK OUT!
-BUT ONE ROBOT SLYLY REACHES FOR A SHELF OF POWERFUL CHEMICALS-
ACID.. EATS THROUGH THE FLOOR! WHAT IT WOULD HAVE DONE TO ME!
HOW'D IT HAPPEN?
THE ROBOT!
4

I'M SURE IT'S THE ROBOT! THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL—
THE GIRL HAS THE BRAINS! I MUST DESTROY HER!
PERHAPS I CAN CRACK HER PRETTY SKULL LIKE A NUT!
OH!
NO—SHE IS TOO SWIFT FOR ME—AND SHE DOES NOT FLINCH EVEN NOW.. MARS, WILL YOU BE BEATEN BY A MERE GIRL?
MYSTA! TRIP HIM INTO THE DISINTEGRATOR-RAY FURNACE! I'LL START THE BEAMS!
THE BRUTE ROBOT ADVANCES... BUT—
TO YOUR DOWNFALL YOU DEMON-HELD MONSTER!
GOOD, MYSTA, HE'LL MELT DOWN TO NOTHING!
AN EVIL FORCE WAS IN THAT ROBOT!
BUT WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE MINE?
NORS, MY BOY, I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER—A BETTER ONE!
5


NARROW ESCAPE! ALMOST BURNED TO DEATH! THAT GIRL—
STRANGELY, FORMER HARMONY GIVES WAY TO DISTRUSTFUL BITTERNESS—
MYSTA COULD HAVE SAVED HIM HE WAS MY ROBOT!!
NORS, I AM SURPRISED AT YOU!
AHA! THE BOY IS THE WEAKEST ONE! I'LL MERGE MY WILL INTO HIM!
MYSTA WE'RE GOING ON A TOUR THROUGH THE UNIVERSE TO BE IN OUR FAVOR!
OH GOOD! NORS AND I WILL LOAD THE ROCKET!
SULLENLY, NORS FOLLOWS THROUGH THE OXO-PRESSURE TUNNEL INTO THE JET-PROPELLED ROCKET CHAMBER — AND WITH NORS, WALLS ANOTHER... MARS!
YOU'RE A FOOL, NORS!
THEY'RE MAKING A FOOL OF YOU! GO BACK! GET KORT'S NEW RAY GUN WITH IT YOU'LL MASTER THE UNIVERSE!
ER, MYSTA, I FORGOT SOMETHING IN THE LAB
YOU DID? I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE, NORS—
NORS! WHAT DO YOU WANT, LAD? WHY DO YOU LOOK SO QUEER?
6

DON'T BACK OUT— BE STRONG!
I WANT THE NEW GUN YOU INVENTED!
BUT NO, NORS, YOU CAN'T—
GIVE IT TO ME!
THEN I'LL TAKE IT!
NOW SET THE PLACE AFIRE! BURN THE IDIOT 'CULTURE' THE OLD FOOL HAS STUFFED HERE!
HA! HA! HA! DESTRUCTION IS AMUSING, IS IT NOT, NORS?
HA! HA! HA!
MYSTA! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
CHEMICAL FIRE... ACCIDENT POOR DOCTOR KORT SEE— MY HANDS ARE BURNED!
OH HOW HORRIBLE!




AND A MISTY FIGURE MERGES INTO THE VOID -
SHE IS AS STRONG AS I - STRONG WITH KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE. BUT I WILL NOT BE GONE FOR LONG ! TWENTY YEARS, PERHAPS ! AND THEN - THE GOD OF WAR RETURNS !

A SLENDER GIRL ALONE AGAINST THE UNIVERSE'S MOST EVIL FORCE. THE GOD OF WAR ! SHE, A LIVING TEMPLE OF MAN'S ESSENTIAL GOODNESS, IS HIS LAST HOPE !

CAN MARS STILL WIN - ?

Gale Allen

BY DOUGLAS McKEE

GALE ALLEN'S JOB LOOKED ROUTINE - NURSEMAID TO A COUPLE OF ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS - BUT THEY LANDED ON A SACRED PLANET-OID - WHERE MAN-MADE GODS HAVE NAPPED FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS

BLESS MY SOUL - IT IS QUITE EVIDENT, PROFESSOR McGINTY, THAT MISS ALLEN IS TAKING US TOO CLOSE TO THE SPHEROID ARC

RIDICULOUS NONSENSE, PROFESSOR WISE - I WAS ABOUT TO SUGGEST WE'RE MUCH TOO FAR FROM IT!

ARGUING AGAIN! IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT WE'RE FOLLOWING THE EXACT COURSE LAID OUT BY THE INSTITUTE - QUICK - LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!

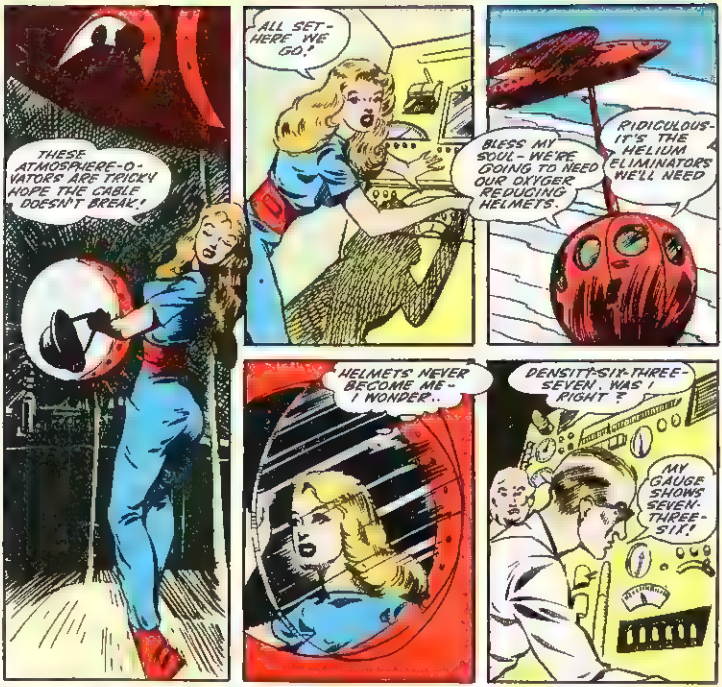
BLESS MY SOUL - A SUPER MARTIAN SCOUT SHIP, I KNOW!

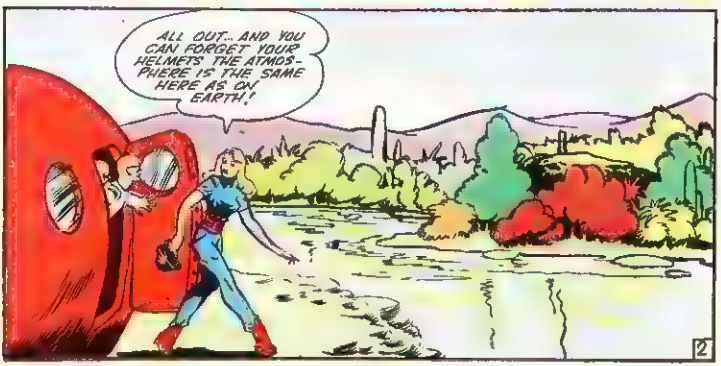
NONSENSE - IT'S A VENUSIAN LINER

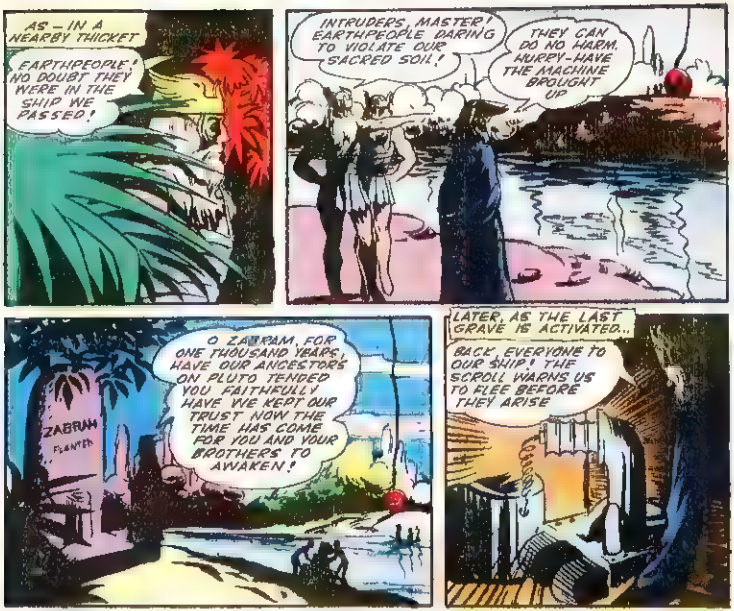
BOTH WRONG AGAIN - THAT SHIP'S FASTER THAN ANYTHING THE MARTIANS OR VENUSIANS EVER INVENTED. SEE - IT'S GONE!

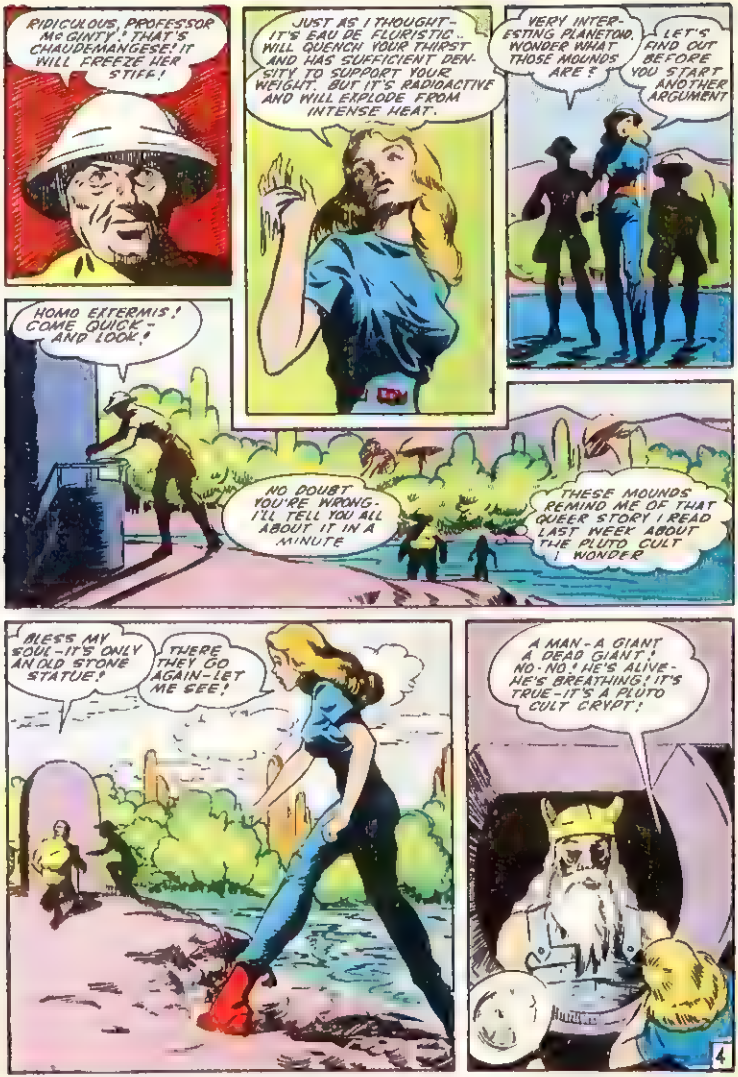
SPACE MILES LATER...

HERE'S WHERE WE ANCHOR JUST THREE MILES ABOVE THE UNKNOWN PLANETOID WE CAME TO EXPLORE


THESE ATMOSPHERE-O-VATORS ARE TRICKY HOPE THE CABLE DOESN'T BREAK!
ALL SET- HERE WE GO!
BLESS MY SOUL- WE'RE GOING TO NEED OUR OXYGEN REDUCING HELMETS!
RIDICULOUS- IT'S THE HELIUM ELIMINATORS WE'LL NEED
HELMETS NEVER BECOME ME- I WONDER..
DENSITY-SIX-THREE-SEVEN, WAS I RIGHT?
MY GAUGE SHOWS SEVEN-THREE-SIX!

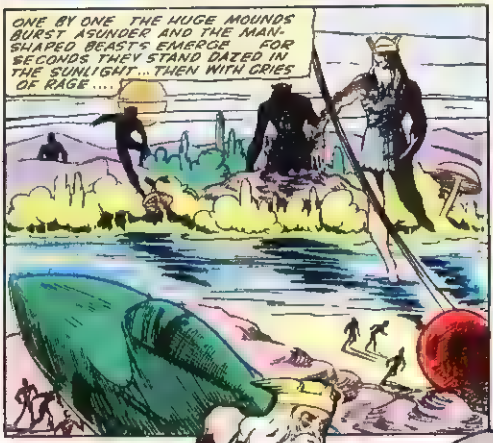

ALL OUT... AND YOU CAN FORGET YOUR HELMETS! THE ATMOSPHERE IS THE SAME HERE AS ON EARTH!
2


AS – IN A NEARBY THICKET
EARTHPEOPLE! NO DOUBT THEY WERE IN THE SHIP WE PASSED!
INTRUDERS, MASTER! EARTHPEOPLE DARING TO VIOLATE OUR SACRED SOIL!
THEY CAN DO NO HARM. HURRY-HAVE THE MACHINE BROUGHT UP
ZABRUH
O ZABRAM, FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS, HAVE OUR ANCESTORS ON PLUTO TENDED YOU FAITHFULLY HAVE WE KEPT OUR TRUST NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS TO AWAKEN!
LATER, AS THE LAST GRAVE IS ACTIVATED...
BACK, EVERYONE TO OUR SHIP! THE SCROLL WARNS US TO FLEE BEFORE THEY ARISE
MEANWHILE
A LAKE – JUST WHAT I WANTED GOOD DRINK OF WATER!
BLESS MY SOUL – THAT'S NOT WATER, MISS ALLEN! IT'S FROIDISTITE – WILL BURN YOU!
WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, PROFESSOR WISE?
3


RIDICULOUS, PROFESSOR McGINTY! THAT'S CHAUDEMANGESE! IT WILL FREEZE HER STIFF!
JUST AS I THOUGHT- IT'S EAU DE FLURISTIC.. WILL QUENCH YOUR THIRST AND HAS SUFFICIENT DENSITY TO SUPPORT YOUR WEIGHT. BUT IT'S RADIOACTIVE AND WILL EXPLODE FROM INTENSE HEAT.
VERY INTERESTING PLANETOID. WONDER WHAT THOSE MOUNDS ARE?
LET'S FIND OUT BEFORE YOU START ANOTHER ARGUMENT
HOMO EXTERMIS! COME QUICK- AND LOOK!
NO DOUBT YOU'RE WRONG. I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN A MINUTE
THESE MOUNDS REMIND ME OF THAT QUEER STORY I READ LAST WEEK ABOUT THE PLUTO CULT I WONDER
BLESS MY SOUL-IT'S ONLY AN OLD STONE STATUE!
THERE THEY GO AGAIN-LET ME SEE!
A MAN-A GIANT A DEAD GIANT! NO-NO! HE'S ALIVE- HE'S BREATHING! IT'S TRUE-IT'S A PLUTO CULT CRYPT!

OVER THERE- LOOK!

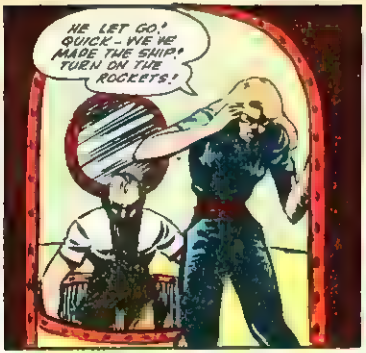
THEY'RE HATCHING - RUN FOR THE SHIP. SEE- THE CULTISTS ARE PREPARING TO TAKE OFF!

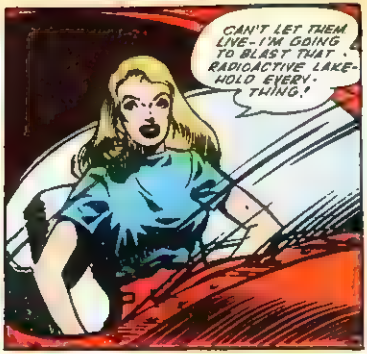

ONE BY ONE THE HUGE MOUNDS BURST ASUNDER AND THE MAN-SHAPED BEASTS EMERGE FOR SECONDS THEY STAND DAZED IN THE SUNLIGHT...THEN WITH CRIES OF RAGE....

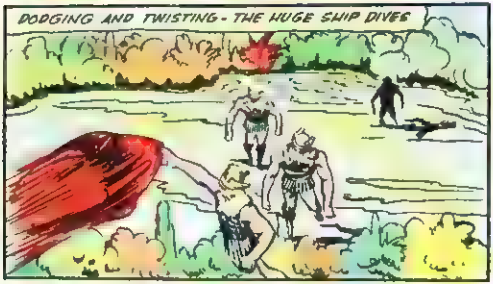
AND AS THE CULTIST SHIP FLEES...

5

THEY'VE SMASHED THE OTHERS - START THE HOIST!
BLESS MY SOUL - THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT - THEY'RE BLIND FROM THEIR LONG HIBERNATION!
WHAT HAPPENED THEN? ONE'S GOT US - IT'LL BREAK THE CABLE!
THE GAUGE! OUR ONLY CHANCE!
DESIGNED TO REGULATE TEMPERATURE FOR EXTREME HEAT AND COLD - HERE GOES!
INSTANTLY THE ATMOS-PHERE-O-VATOR GLOWS RED HOT.
6





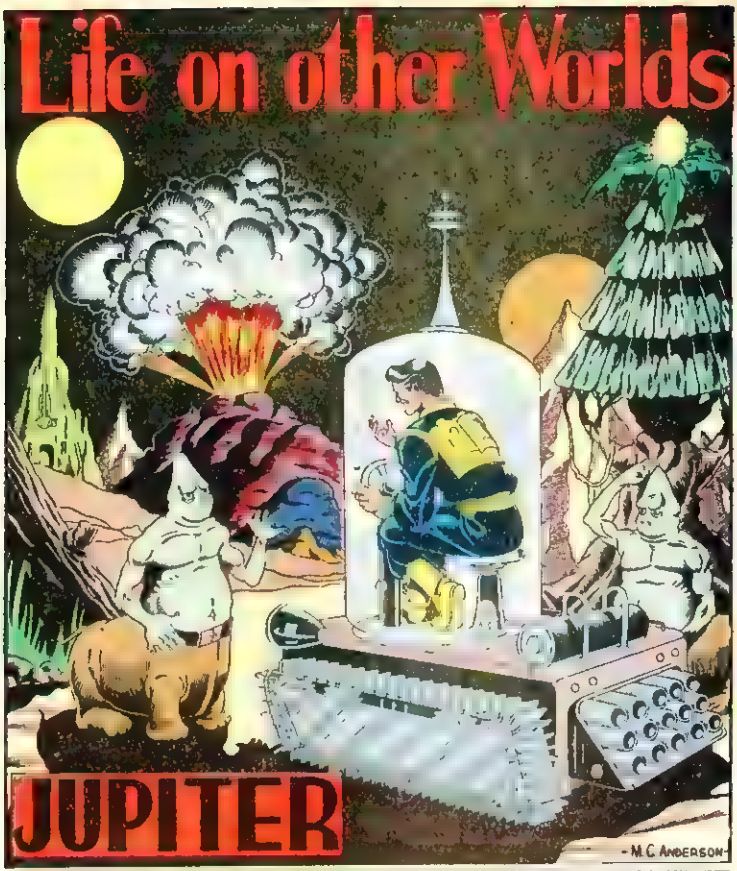


LATER
BLESS MY SOUL - MOST INTERESTING, MISS ALLEN TOO BAD WE COULDN'T HAVE TALKED TO THEM BEFORE THEY WERE DESTROYED
YES - I'M SORRY YOU BOTH MISSED A PLEASANT ARGUMENT.
GALE ALLEN
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
•PLANET COMICS•

PLANET COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 10th

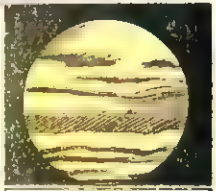
"THE EARTHMAN EXPLORING JUPITER WILL HAVE A TRACTORMOBILE EQUIPPED WITH ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICES. JUPITER WILL BE INHABITED BY SEMI-CIVILIZED GURKS, WHO CONSTANTLY BATTLE NUMEROUS MONSTROSITIES FOR SURVIVAL. STRONG AND STOCKY, THE GURKS ARE ONLY FOUR FEET TALL!
AS JUPITER IS STILL A YOUNG PLANET WHOSE CORE IS YET HOT, THE CLIMATE IS TROPICAL, AND EVERYWHERE GROWS LUSH VEGETATION, NOT DISSIMILAR TO THAT OF EARTH.
THE BRAVE EXPLORERS WILL SEE OTHER STARTLING THINGS. —FUNGUS ANIMALS, AND FUNGUS PLANTS OF WEIRD AND GROTESQUE APPEARANCE.

Life on other Worlds



JUPITER, LORDLY GIANT OF PLANETS - PREMIER TRAPPER OF COMETS - JUPITER, THE MYSTERY PLANET THE LARGEST IN OUR SYSTEM JUPITER IS OUTSHONE IN THE SKIES ONLY BY VENUS. ZEUS, MARDUK, UAPSHETA, THOR OR JUPITER - CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL - WAS LONG WORSHIPPED AS A GOD BY THE ANCIENTS, AND STILL RULES OUR CALENDAR IN THE SAXON FORM OF "THOR'S DAEG" - OR THURSDAY.

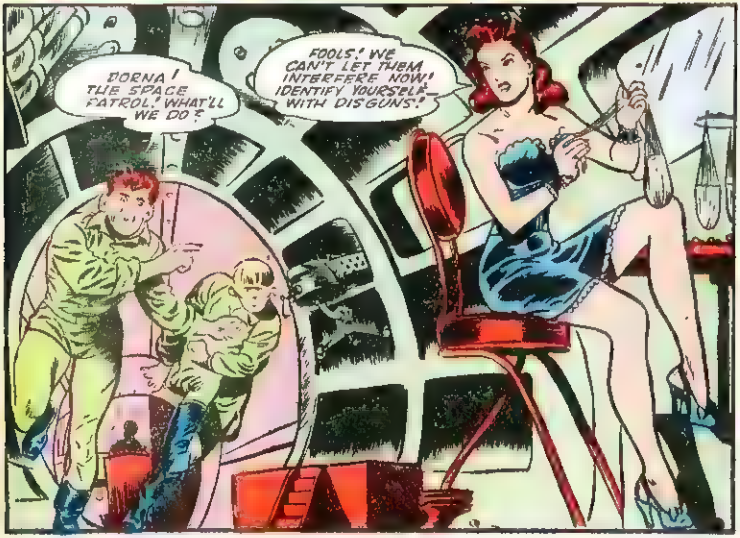
THE FIFTH PLANET IN NUMERICAL ORDER, THIS RULER OF THE SKIES LIES ONLY 367,000,000 MILES FROM EARTH, AND IT WILL TAKE OUR SPACE EXPLORER ONLY 153 DAYS, TRAVELING AT 100,000 M.P.H. - TO JOURNEY TO THIS CHILD OF OLD SOL.



JUPITER
AS PHOTOGRAPHED OCT-'44

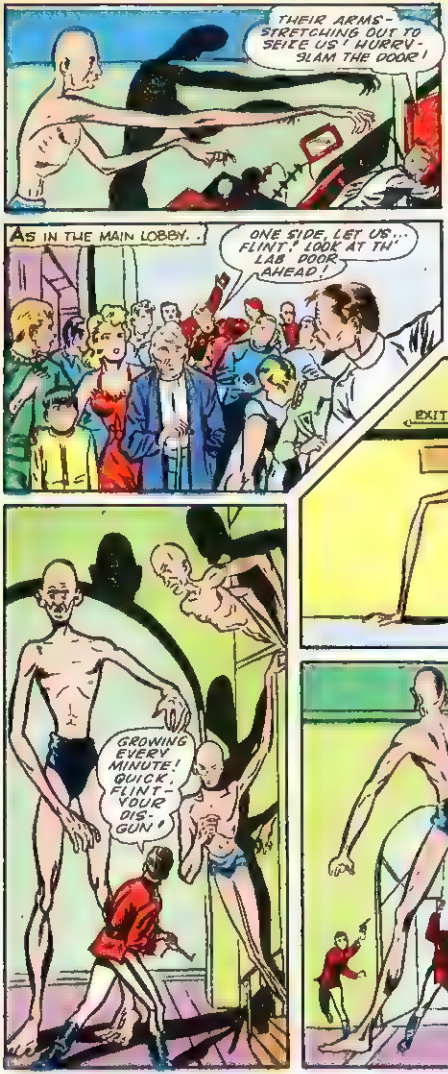
FLINT BAKER and REEF RYAN SPACE RANGERS

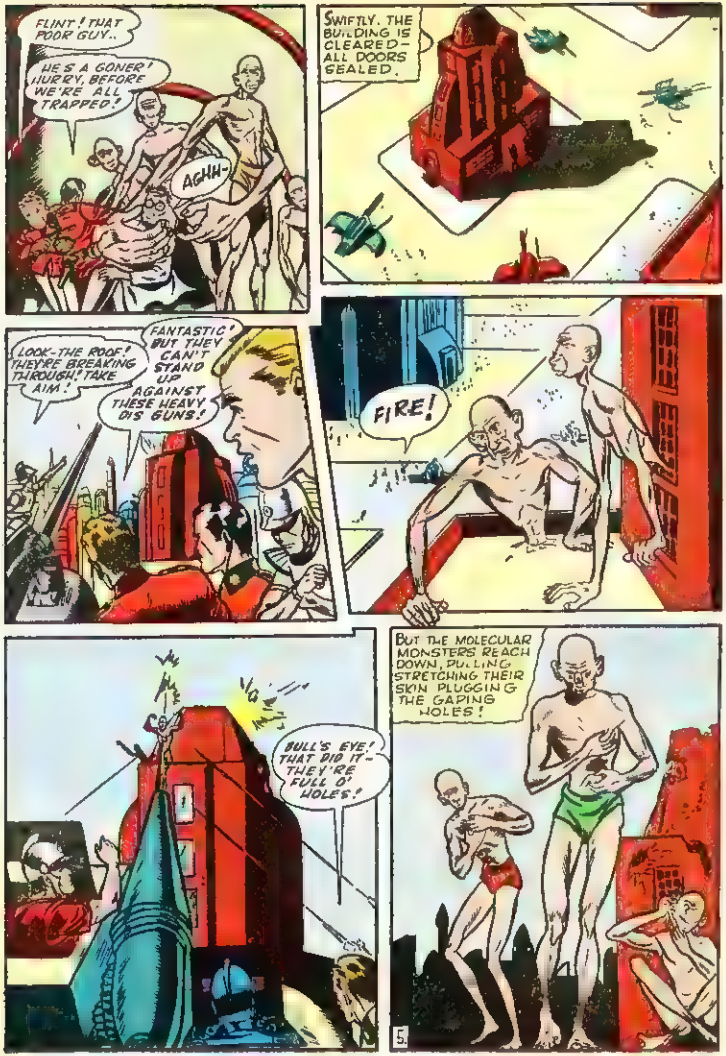
by HUGH FITZHUGH

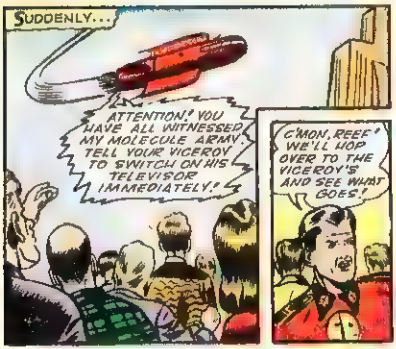


HEY-FLINT'S HIT! SHIP'S OUTA CONTROL!
FLINT'S ONLY SCRATCHED! BUT IF I DON'T PULL THIS AIR-BUGGY OUTA THE DIVE, WE'RE BOTH GONERS!
GOOD RIDDANCE! NOW TO LAUNCH THE MOLECULE MEN!
HALLELUJAH! ON TH' BEAM!
WHEW! I-I'M OKAY NOW, REEF! NICE LANDING!
BUT OUR CRATE'S A WRECK! IF I GET MY HANDS ON THAT PIRATE SHIP...
HEY, LOOK! FLOATING DOWN—THROWN FROM THAT SAME SHIP! C'MON!
2

BUT, BEFORE THE SPACE RANGERS CAN GET THERE
I GOT ONE!
WHAT IS IT?
SEARCH ME! LOOKS SOMETHING LIKE A POLL! WEY, IT...IT SEEMS TO BE MOVING!
GOSH! BETTER NOT MONKEY— TAKE IT TO THE SCIENCE LAB!
OO!
MINUTES LATER...
I'VE X-RAYED THIS ONE, PROFESSOR, AND NOTED SOME STRANGE MOLECULAR ACTIVITY!
YET THEY SEEM TO BE WITHOUT LIFE . BUT CONTINUE GROWING!
CORRECT! PERHAPS THE IONIZATION TANK! I'LL SET THE LEVER AT TOTAL VORTEX
SUDDENLY
PROFESSOR WHAT..
LOOK, THE OTHERS IN THE CORNER! MOVING- GETTING BIGGER! RUN RUN!

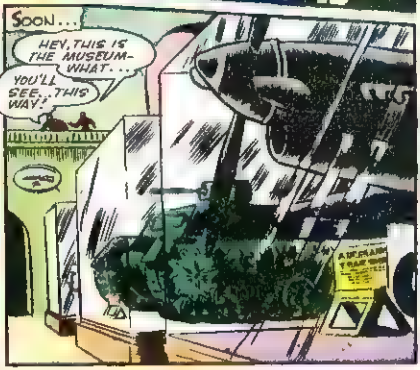

THEIR ARMS - STRETCHING OUT TO SEIZE US! HURRY - SLAM THE DOOR!
THERE, IT'S CLOSED!
NO! LOOK-THEY'RE OOZING THROUGH THE CRACKS!
EXIT 6
LABORATORY K
AS IN THE MAIN LOBBY..
ONE SIDE, LET US... FLINT! LOOK AT TH' LAB DOOR AHEAD!
EXIT 6
LABORATORY K
GROWING EVERY MINUTE! QUICK, FLINT - YOUR DIS-GUN!
NO GO - RAYS GO RIGHT THROUGH THEM! QUICK, ALL OUT OF THIS BUILDING. ORDER RESERVES TO BRING OUT THE HEAVY GUNS!
4

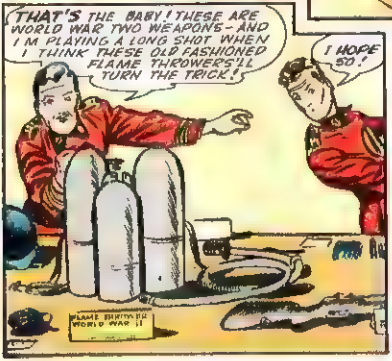

FLINT! THAT POOR GUY..
HE'S A GONER! HURRY, BEFORE WE'RE ALL TRAPPED!
ACHH-
SWIFTLY, THE BUILDING IS CLEARED - ALL DOORS SEALED.
LOOK-THE ROOF! THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH! TAKE AIM!
FANTASTIC! BUT THEY CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST THESE HEAVY DIS GUNS!
FIRE!
BULL'S EYE! THAT DID IT - THEY'RE FULL O' HOLES!
BUT THE MOLECULAR MONSTERS REACH DOWN, PULLING STRETCHING THEIR SKIN PLUGGING THE GAPING HOLES!
5.

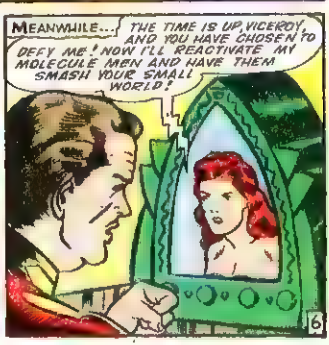

SUDDENLY...
ATTENTION! YOU HAVE ALL WITNESSED MY MOLECULE ARMY! TELL YOUR VICEROY TO SWITCH ON HIS TELEVISOR IMMEDIATELY!
C'MON, REEF! WE'LL HOP OVER TO THE VICEROY'S AND SEE WHAT GOES!

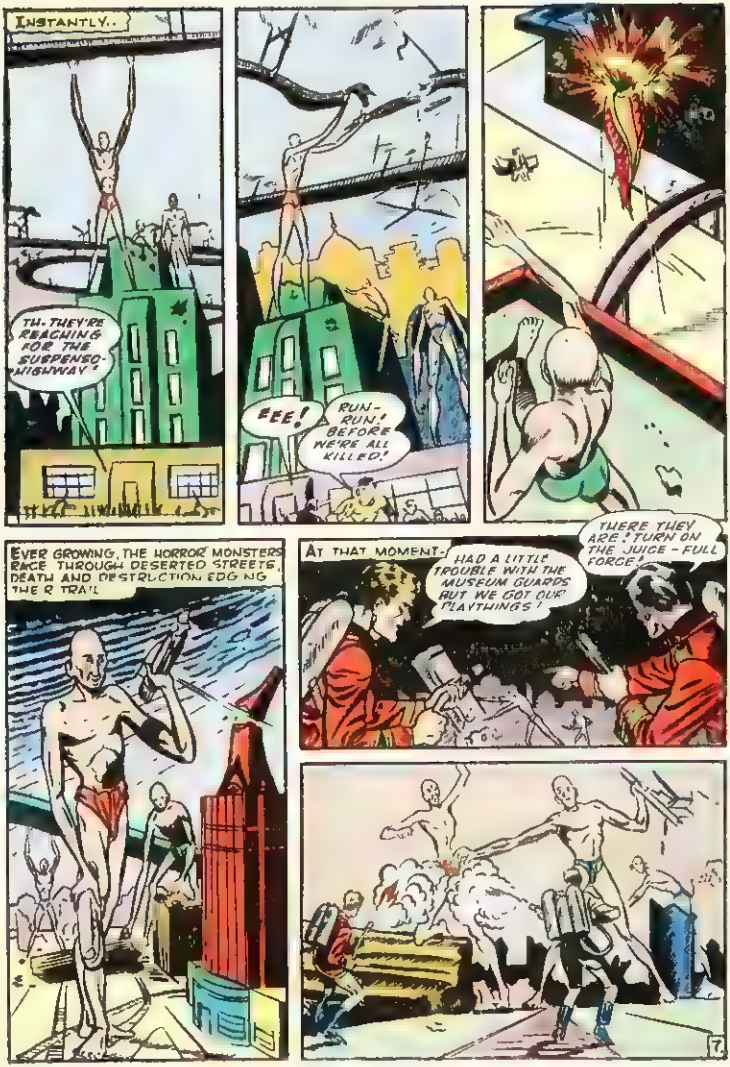
MINUTES LATER...
I WON'T BANDY WORDS, VICEROY! EITHER TURN OVER TEN MILLION TAELS TO ME, OR I'LL DESTROY YOUR CITY! YOU HAVE THIRTY MINUTES!

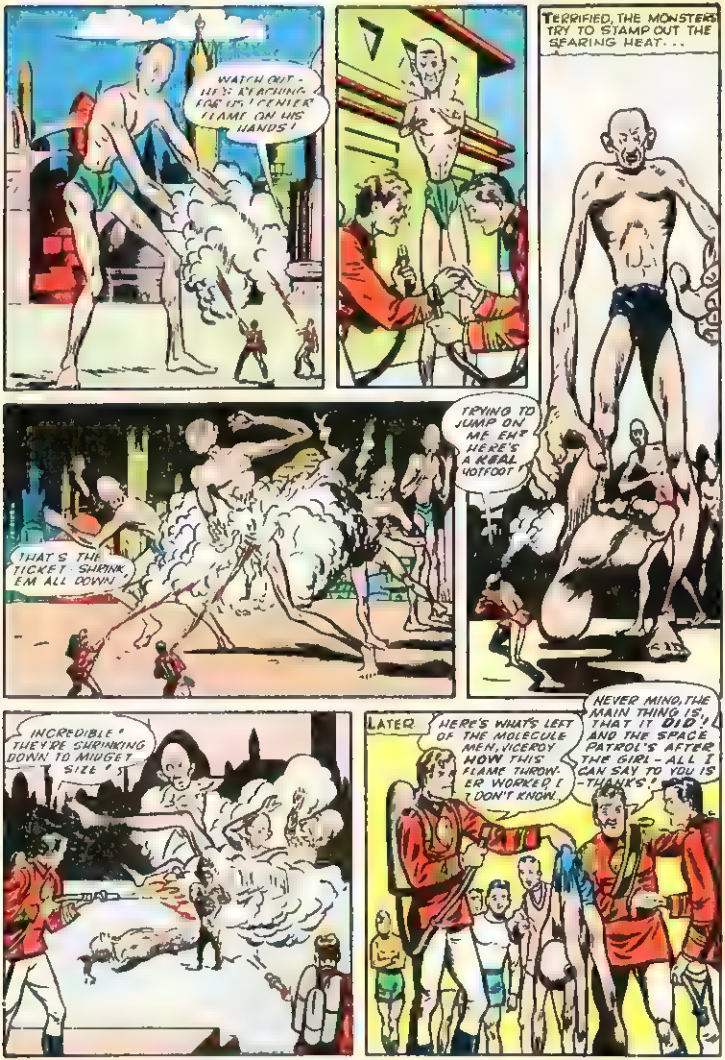
WHY-I-I'LL DO NO SUCH FANTASTIC THING! THAT'S ALL THE MONEY WE HAVE! I'LL DESTROY THOSE CREATURES! I'LL...
PSST-REEF! LISTEN. THE VICEROY'S OFF THE BEAM, HASN'T GOT A CHANCE! BUT FOLLOW ME!


SOON...
HEY, THIS IS THE MUSEUM-WHAT...
YOU'LL SEE...THIS WAY!


THAT'S THE BABY! THESE ARE WORLD WAR TWO WEAPONS - AND I'M PLAYING A LONG SHOT WHEN I THINK THESE OLD FASHIONED FLAME THROWERS'LL TURN THE TRICK!
I HOPE SO!
FLAME THROWER WORLD WAR II


MEANWHILE...
THE TIME IS UP, VICEROY, AND YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO DEFY ME! NOW I'LL REACTIVATE MY MOLECULE MEN AND HAVE THEM SMASH YOUR SMALL WORLD!


INSTANTLY..
TH-THEY'RE REACHING FOR THE SUSPENSO-HIGHWAY!
EEE!
RUN-RUN! BEFORE WE'RE ALL KILLED!
EVER GROWING, THE HORROR MONSTERS RACE THROUGH DESERTED STREETS, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION EDGING THEIR TRAIL
AT THAT MOMENT-
HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE MUSEUM GUARDS BUT WE GOT OUR PLAYTHINGS!
THERE THEY ARE! TURN ON THE JUICE - FULL FORCE!
7


WATCH OUT - HE'S REACHING FOR IN 'FINITER FLAME ON HIS HANDS!
TERRIFIED, THE MONSTERS TRY TO STAMP OUT THE SEARING HEAT...
TRYING TO JUMP ON ME EH? HERE'S A KOAL HOTFOOT!
THAT'S THE TICKET - SHRINK 'EM ALL DOWN
INCREDIBLE! THEY'RE SHRINKING DOWN TO MIDGET SIZE!
LATER
HERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF THE MOLECULE MEN, VICEROY. NOW THIS FLAME THROWER WORKED, I DON'T KNOW.
NEVER MIND, THE MAIN THING IS, THAT IT DID, AND THE SPACE PATROL'S AFTER THE GIRL - ALL I CAN SAY TO YOU IS - THANKS!

THE VICTORY OF KLON

By
GAROLD S. HATFIELD

KLON fled from fern to fern like a drifting shadow, circling the new clearing that had been torn in the steamy jungle by the gleaming monster that had come from the eternal fog clothing his world. He halted now and then, slipped into the stagnant water that covered nine-tenths of the planet, and listened for the slightest sound that would warn him of a hidden watcher spying on his movements.

Satisfied that he was alone in the jungle swamp, he edged closer to the clearing, whose edge was a charred and ragged circle. His lidless eye gleamed phosphorescently in the darkness that never changed, bringing into sharp detail the shadows that were two shades of blackness, for there were no colors on his earth.

He slipped over the burned ground, wincing at the bruises given him by the unaccustomed hardness beneath his body. He hissed a bit in anger that he should suffer so, then went rigid as the thing happened again.

An amazingly light shadow had suddenly come into being on the roundness of the gleaming visitor from somewhere above.

Klon wanted that shadow, wanted that thing that was brighter than anything he had ever seen—and his purpose was to gain it in any way possible. For possession of that light shadow would make him greater than anyone else on the planet. Mightier even than Valok.

Klon knew that his time was growing short; the nation would declare their new leader within a very short while, and he knew that possession of that light shadow was the one thing that would assure him of victory over his rival for leadership.

His gills opened and closed automatically, involuntary muscles working even when his lungs worked on the damp air. He winced a bit from the lightness of the shadow, for never had his eye seen one that was so without blackness.

And then Klon was at the roundness of the thing, the touch of its coolness sending a thrill of dread through his heart. He moved slowly until he was just below the circle of lightness, then climbed upwards with his sucker-discs.

Slowly, carefully, instantly ready for flight to safety, he lifted his head until his eye was pressed against the light shadow. He felt tiny pains running through his eye, back into his head, and down into his body, but he gave them no heed.

For he was seeing something that none other of his race had had the courage to face. He saw things but dimly, and the hideousness of the scene almost made him lose his hold.

For nightmarish creatures moved within the gleaming thing, moving on stiff tentacles, gesturing with others, while above, on a thin neck, fanged mouths opened and closed in sickening motions. And the shadows of their skins were of shades of lightness and darkness that were terrifying to Klon's senses that had never met the like before.

He gasped audibly, swung back from the circle of lightness, shaking with horror at what he had seen.

INSIDE THE GLEAMING space ship, three men were seated on the collapsible bunks. Kurt Overland, his muscular body unclad except for shorts, was speaking in his even tone.

"Well," he said cheerfully, even his steady voice failing to conceal the burning eagerness within him, "we're finally ready. I've just made the last repair on the things broken by landing."

Frank Barker grinned at him from across the cell-like room, stretched his six feet of blond-topped, lanky strength happily.

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"Suits me," he said. "I'm tired of being cooped in this animated bullet that's been home for so long."

"We had to wait," gray-haired Professor Kent said mildly. "After all, if we are met by hostile beings, we want to be able to escape."

Kurt Overland grinned. "Maybe you're right, Professor," he said. "But I'd hate to return to Earth and say that we'd been run off before we had a chance to bring back proof of our expedition's success."

"That would be a calamity," Barker broke in. "Remember what a devil of a time we had getting permission to make this flight through space. The President told me, just before we took off, that because of the many deaths in faulty rockets, a law was being passed to forbid any more flights. He said that it was only his influence that made it possible for us to leave Earth on a trip to Venus, and that if we failed to make good there would probably be no more flights for, possibly, hundreds of years."

"So!" Professor Kent nodded his head. "Then I am glad that we did not fail; for it is apparent that we are the vanguard of a new phase of our civilization."

Kurt Overland stood, flexed his arms. "Well, come on, let's go," he said. "It's time we took a look around."

The three of them slipped into their space suits, each of them tight-breathed with eagerness to explore the second of the planets. They were strangely silent as they dressed.

"Better slip the cover over that radilight," Professor Kent tried to keep his tone even. "There may be poisonous insects outside that would be attracted by it. We will go outside without lights, then switch them on when the port is closed."

Frank Barker moved toward the radilight, slipped the cover over its eternal brightness with a gloved hand. Then he joined the other two at the port. For a long second the three of them stood shoulder to shoulder.

"Professor Kent," Kurt Overland said softly, "please go first. It is your right that you should be the first to step onto the world made accessible only by your genius."

Professor Albert Kent's shoulders shook silently for a moment in great emotion, then straightened with pride. He nodded, swung shut his visor plate, dogged it securely.

Barker and Overland followed suit, clicked on their radio receivers. They waited patiently for their leader, knowing the feelings that must have been his at the moment.

And then, unsealing the port, clutching the American flag gently in his left hand ready for its planting on Venus, Professor Kent stepped through the port, the first human to land on the veiled planet. Behind him, following with a clumsy speed, came Frank Barker and Kurt Overland.

"We three—" Professor Albert Kent began.

KLON DROPPED FROM the side of the ship. He paused for a moment over the lifeless bodies of the three intrepid explorers, then moved away, disgusted by his closeness to the horrible creatures he had slain so swiftly and casually.

His every sense was alert for the slightest movement on the long gleaming thing beside him to retaliate in quick vengeance for the slaying of the things that lived within its belly.

Klon crouched there for moments, then moved toward the ship. He climbed into the port entrance, leaving a thick trail of slime in his wake. He moved eagerly toward the small hole in the opposite wall, his heart thudding with bursting eagerness.

He had seen Frank Barker slip the shield over the shadow that was so unlike anything on his earth. And now he moved through the darkness of the space ship, slipping surely through a darkness that was natural to him and his fellow creatures.

He lifted the small box from its recess, turned and sped from the ship, vague terror and superstition overcoming the courage that had taken so long to build to a white heat. He rushed past the men who slept the eternal sleep before the port of their ship, slipped into the warm water at the edge of the clearing, began his long journey to the meeting place at which a leader would be chosen.

He clasped the box close to him as he raced through the swampy jungle, afraid that it might disappear before he could reach his destination. He did not pause to examine his prize, knowing that the time was growing short, feeling certain a longer wait would only make the globe of lightness more thrilling.

The people of Klon's nation were gathered in the Council Clearing, silent, as each of the candidates for leader extolled his own virtues and explained his qualifications for the position as their leader.

Hisses of approval and sounds of disapproval greeted each candidate as he placed himself on the stone at the clearing's center.

And then Klon slipped into the clearing. He hissed greetings as he made his way to the central stone. Still clutching the box tightly to his body, he climbed to the top of the stone, faced his nation.

A respectful silence fell as his powerful body loomed high in the air over the heads of his people.

Klon stood for a moment, silently considering the short speech he intended to make. He caught the glance of Valok's eye, looked away. His gaze travelled over the clearing, making out familiar features of his people.

The crowd was not large, for Klon's nation was a small one. It was large in the sense that

no other group on the planet was as large. And it was the *only* race with useful intelligence.

Klon looked at his people, and pride made his heart beat even faster.

"I am here to prove to you that I am the mightiest among you," he hissed. "I have here the thing that will prove what I say." He lifted the small box so that everyone could see.

A wave of interested hissing grew in sudden applause, then a respectful silence fell again. Klon hesitated for a moment longer, then continued:

"I got this thing from the belly of the thing that came from the clouds, killing three horrible creatures single-handedly. Thus I have proved that I am clever, brave and strong."

"What is this thing you have brought us, Brave Klon?" Valok's sneering hiss broke in upon Klon's words.

"A thing that is like nothing any of you have ever seen; it is a shadow lighter than anything on this world," Klon said proudly, and placed the small box on the rock beside himself.

He paused again, knowing the effect his wait would have on his audience. And then he whisked the cover from the radilight, slid from the central stone.

The radilight flared with a dazzling, gleaming whiteness on the stone, bringing with it a light such as had never penetrated the always-present clouds that veiled Venus. Klon stood proudly to one side, drinking in the hissing applause and hisses of surprise and awe that greeted his showing of the globe of light shadow. He knew then that he had won the coveted leadership of his nation.

"This," he hissed over the uproar of his people, "is the——"

Klon gasped in sudden intolerable agony, fiery fingers of pain tearing at every bit of his body, cutting off his speech almost at its very inception. He crumpled slowly to the ground, dimly conscious that other cries were echoing his own.

He died then, hearing the agonized hisses of his friends, his last sight of life being that of the globe that burned with a white-hot light on the top of the central stone

And slowly, but with increasing speed, his people died too. They fell like tiny trees before a huge storm, falling even as they tried to find a reason for the death around them. Like a wave eddying out from the central stone, death cut its merciless sweep.

And within seconds there was no life in the clearing. Within seconds an entire nation, every intelligent being on Venus, was dead of the unleashed light rays, the like of which had never penetrated the miles of fog that lay between Earth and the sun.

The radilight gleamed brightly on the central stone, shedding radiance over the last beings of intelligence ever to be on Venus—perhaps forever!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of PLANET COMICS, published bi-monthly at New York N. Y., for October 1, 1944

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Jack Byrne who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of the PLANET COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher editor managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Love Romances Publishing Company, Inc., 10 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Editor, Paul Payne, 6 E. 46th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Managing Editor Jack Byrne, 10 E. 10 Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Business Manager T. H. Scott, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Love Romances Publishing Company, Inc., 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.; J. C. Scott, 670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JACK BYRNE,
Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1944

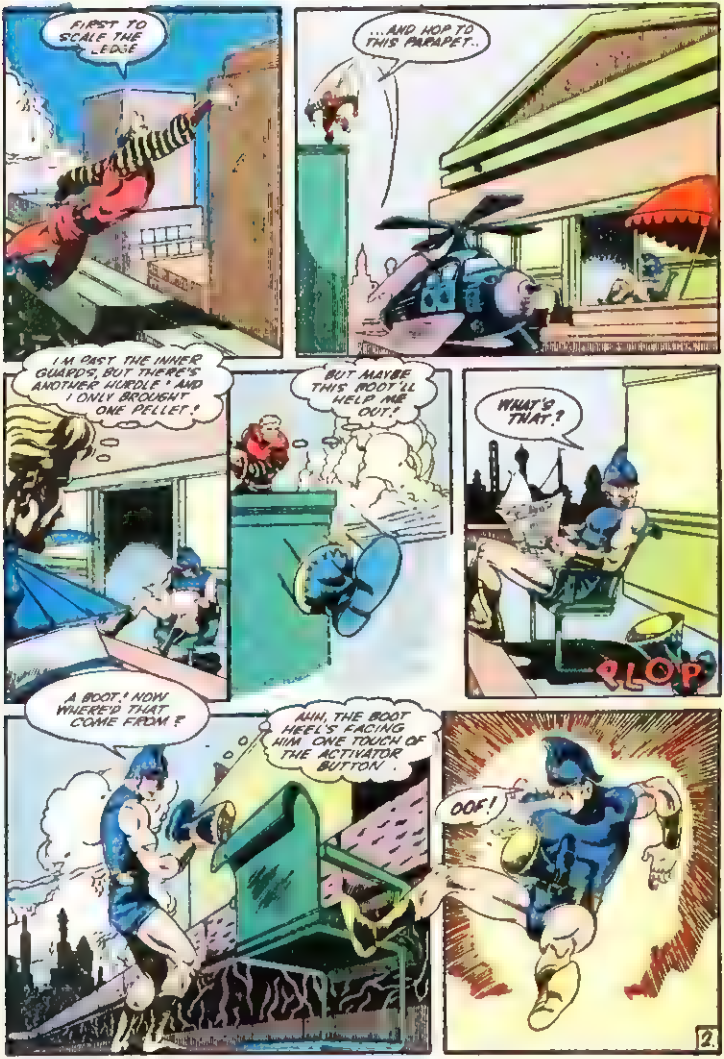
(Signed) GEORGE G. SCHWENKE,
Notary Public,

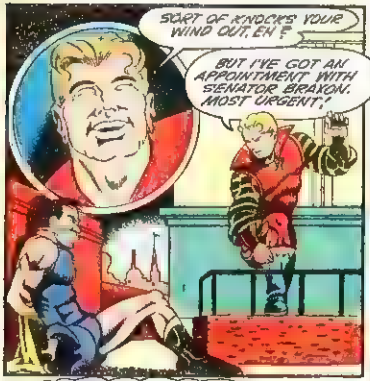
(My commission expires March 30, 1946)

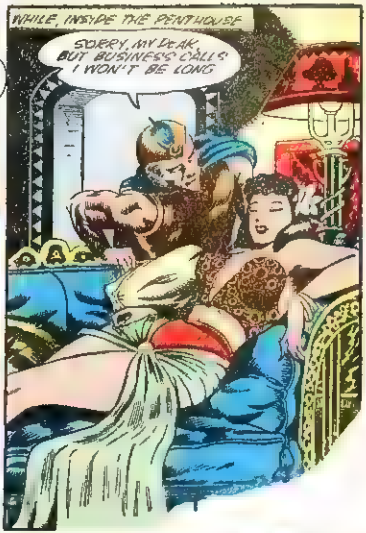
STAR PIRATE

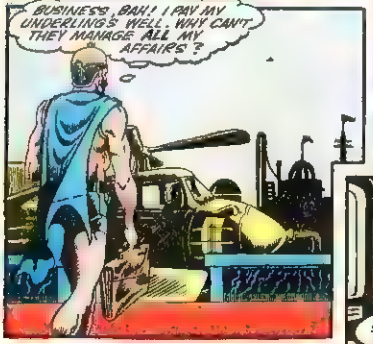
By LEN DODSON

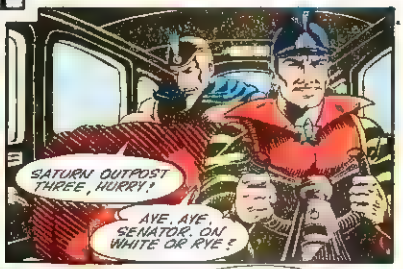
YEAH, BUT WITH THE PRICE TAG ON MY HEAD, I COULDN'T GO TO HIS OFFICE, SO. I'M BRINGING HIM TO MINE!
STAR, THIS IS CRAZY! FANTASTIC! TRYING TO KIDNAP THE HEAD OF A MINING INDUSTRY THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED MAN ALIVE!


FIRST TO SCALE THE LEDGE
...AND HOP TO THIS PARAPET..
I'M PAST THE INNER GUARDS, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER HURDLE ! AND I ONLY BROUGHT ONE PELLET !
BUT MAYBE THIS BOOT'LL HELP ME OUT !
WHAT'S THAT ?
PLOP
A BOOT ! NOW WHERE'D THAT COME FROM ?
AHH, THE BOOT HEEL'S FACING HIM. ONE TOUCH OF THE ACTIVATOR BUTTON.
OOF !
2.

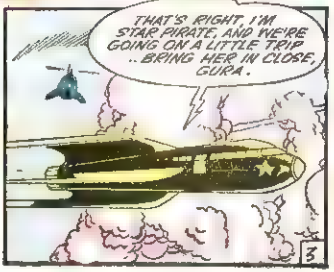

SORT OF KNOCKS YOUR WIND OUT, EH?
BUT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH SENATOR BRAXON. MOST URGENT!


WHILE, INSIDE THE PENTHOUSE
SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT BUSINESS CALLS! I WON'T BE LONG


BUSINESS, BAH! I PAY MY UNDERLINGS WELL. WHY CAN'T THEY MANAGE ALL MY AFFAIRS?


SATURN OUTPOST THREE, HURRY!
AYE, AYE, SENATOR. ON WHITE OR RYE?

WHY YOU INSOLENT PUP! OHH! YOU'RE NOT MY PILOT—! YOU'RE...


THAT'S RIGHT, I'M STAR PIRATE, AND WE'RE GOING ON A LITTLE TRIP .. BRING HER IN CLOSE, GURA.

A QUICK TRANSFER
SCOUNDREL, THIEF! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
PRISON CLOTHES! I'LL HAVE YOU FOR THIS INSULT! AND I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY SECRETARY MANAGES QUITE VERY SATISFACTORILY!
WE'LL SEE, SENATOR. I'LL LET YOU BE THE JUDGE.
LATER, AS GURA HURTLES OVER CAPRA
LAST STOP—OUT WITH YOU!
HELP—HELP! I HAVEN'T GOT A CHUTE!
BUT I HAVE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE WORST YET TO COME!
AHEAD
PRISONERS! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED AFTER THEM!
INSTANTLY.
LET ME GO! STOP IT. I'M THE OWNER OF THIS PLANET.
TAKE IT EASY—THAT'S MY PLAN I CAN ALWAYS USE THE BOOTS.

COME BACK HERE.'
NO-NO! I'LL ESCAPE- I'LL HAVE YOU PUNISHED FOR THIS!'
INSTANTLY THE CENTAUR GUARD WHIRLS HIS BOLO..
YOU FOOL- NO ONE ESCAPES FROM ORION!
THEN, TO THE MINES...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW- DO YOU STILL THINK THIS PLANET IS WELL RUN?
I-I DON'T KNOW. BUT I DO KNOW I CAN'T STAND THIS BROILING SUN! MUCH LONGER!
MANY HOURS LATER...
THE BELL- THAT MEANS OUR DAILY MEAL'S COMING UP.
THANK HEAVENS!- MY BACK'S KILLING ME!
WHY, THIS IS A FILTHY HOLE. NOTHING BUT DIRT AND SCUM!
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA, EH SENATOR?
HMMPH - BUT WHY DON'T THEY COMPLAIN OR QUIT? AND WHY DON'T YOU EAT YOUR FOOD, ATROCIOUS AS IT IS?
ONE ANSWER TO BOTH THOSE QUESTIONS AFTER YOU'VE EATEN THIS FOOD FOR THREE DAYS, YOU NEVER WANT TO LEAVE!
UGH!

LATER, IN THE COURTYARD.
I'LL TAKE THIS UP WITH MY MANAGERS, IF YOU'LL GET ME OUT OF HERE!
FAIR ENOUGH, BUT TO MAKE SURE, WE'LL WORK ONE MORE DAY
I-I COULDN'T STAND IT! OHH
THERE'S NO GUARD ABOUT, AND NO GATE. I'LL ESCAPE TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET
SUDDENLY.
COME BACK HERE- YOU'LL BE KILLED!
LET GO- LET GO!
YOU FOOL- WHY DO YOU THINK THERE AREN'T ANY GUARDS ABOUT?
BECAUSE INVISIBLE RAYS RUN BETWEEN THOSE POLES! WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO MY HELMET!
YOU SEE? DESTROYED COMPLETELY! BUT SINCE YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THE DARK SIDE OF THE PLANET, I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU. HOLD ON, MY BOOTS'LL TAKE US OVER THE PARALYZER RAYS!

THERE, WE'RE OVER!
MOST FANTASTIC THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
PERPETUAL DARKNESS ON THIS SIDE, SENATOR. I STOLE THIS LIGHT SO YOU CAN VIEW SOME OF THE SCENERY.
FLASH IT OVER THIS WAY. I SAW SOMETHING MOVING.
CAREFUL, IT'S A KANGARAN!
OHH!
MY HEART! I-I'VE GOT TO SIT DOWN AND GET MY BREATH!
GET UP-QUICK!
YOU'RE SITTING ON A DEADLY LIZARD!
SUDDENLY...
LOOK, THERE, THEY ARE!
HURRY, USE THE ELECTRO-MAGNO BOLOS!

STAR! WHERE ARE YOU-HELP ME!
I CAN'T ESCAPE - STAR-STAR!
GURA, NO TIME TO WASTE - PARALYZER RAYS ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY!... I'LL PITCH IN FROM THE FLANK!
AND LANCING FROM ABOVE...
LATER, SAFELY ABOARD STAR'S SHIP.
YOU'RE TAKING ME BACK, YOU SAY?..YOU'RE MAKING NO DEMANDS?
THAT'S RIGHT, SENATOR. LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE.
THE NEXT DAY...
REMEMBER, GURA? YOU SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE - FANTASTIC.. BUT LOOK AT THAT TELECAST!
CONDITIONS ON ORION FOUND CRIMINAL. SENATOR BERNON PROPOSES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

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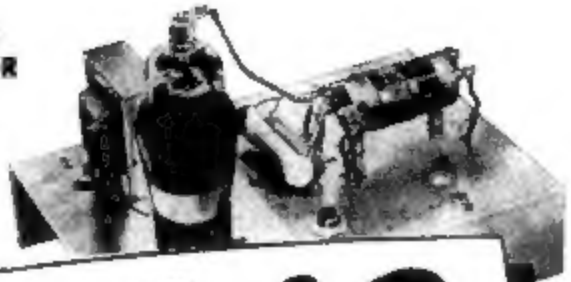

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